



The Student's Pen

December

1941

December, 1941

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The Student's Pen

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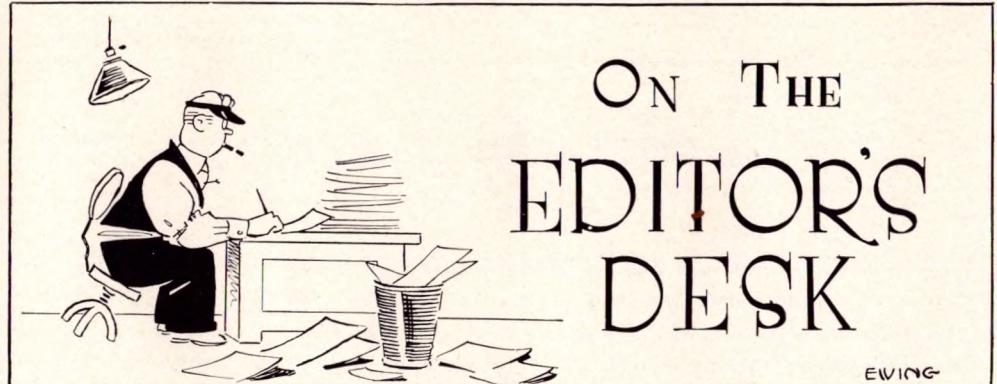
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Courtesy of William Plouffe, P.H.S. '33

*"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl."*

—LOWELL



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

EWING

The Stars Are Shining

By M. Criscitiello

"And with joy the stars perform their shining."

—Matthew Arnold

WHAT are the symbols of Christmas? Sleigh bells, holly, white-bearded old St. Nick, stockings filled with goodies—that's what little children will tell us. If we ask this question of the older generation, they may answer by describing moments of frenzied shopping, of posting stacks of greeting cards, or of wrapping gifts in gay-colored tissue. These are some of the thoughts brought forth as we recall the festivities of Christmas in our own past. Yet, we must not forget the Yuletide spirit as portrayed by Dickens in his "Christmas Carol". Does not that joyful cry of Tiny Tim have an atmosphere of Christmas about it? On the other hand, we cannot neglect the quiet aspect of this jolly season as brought out in those time-spun carols handed down from ages past. These glorious verses describe Christmas as a season when men are at peace with one another and best wishes are spread everywhere.

In general, however, everyone will proclaim Christmas as a holiday accompanied by a joyous yet solemn atmosphere such as is experienced at no other time of year. On this day, men throughout the earth give thanks to Him on high who came down amongst them in times long past to calm a disturbed world and to present a perfect example to guide fol-

lowing generations. What, then, would be a better symbol of the true Christmas than some proof, some record of man's attempt to emulate His goodness and to fulfill His desires for earthly peace and contentment? Can humanity produce such a symbol in these times?

Nature alone has done as He has bid. What is there more awe-inspiring than the clear, boundless heavens on a Christmas Eve, with the radiance of countless stars reflected in the crystal solitude of the snow beneath?

Perhaps these stars themselves are the great ideals of man—brilliant and clear, yet far out of reach! Nature has followed, true to her course, her Maker's wishes; and although she is filled with splendor throughout the year, she assumes a truly reverent and respectful glow at Christmas Eve as if showing the fulfillment of her Master's wishes. Should not the evening sky itself be termed a symbol of Christmas, for is it not that same sky which glowed o'er Bethlehem long years ago?

The stars, all down through the ages, have remained a supreme example of constancy and peace. In these troublesome times when he is apt to lose himself in the mad confusion of the world, should not man, therefore, look to the stars for a renewal of faith in God and humanity?

"Peace on Earth"

By William Deminoff, '42

ON the one thousand, nine hundred, and forty-first anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace, we find a world rumbling under the forces of strife, disunion, and hate. It is a world of almost universal disorder, every nation girding its loins for a possible attempt by an oppressor to terminate the life of its freedom, its principles, its ideals. In such a world it is extremely necessary that the observance of the coming Christmas season be held in a spirit of hope, courage, and prayer in those nations not afflicted with the contagious pestilence of war.

Great nations and small nations have, in the past two years, fallen victim to this scourge of humanity; and in these war-torn countries Christmas will definitely not be what it has been in the past. Children will not await the arrival of Saint Nicholas down the chimney, for bombed homes no longer possess chimneys. Great banquets will not be made part of the festivities—whatever little festivity may prevail—for food is the most essential factor in an army's success as well as in a banquet's. Great cathedrals will not overflow with devout congregations, for few cathedrals now stand untouched by the destruction of aerial bombardment. And without joy, without festivity, without traditional rites, these beleaguered peoples can but hope and pray for the return of peace.

Here in America, we shall ponder for a moment during the Christmas season on the problems confronting our own nation and people, but we as yet are not greatly affected by war. Hence it is only natural that we turn our thoughts to those in the stricken lands across the seas. Before we give our own prayers of thanks to the Heavenly Father for a year of security, we should first pray, sincerely, for the little, bewildered orphan in

England, for the age-bent grandfather in Holland, for the homeless, despairing widow in Poland or the Ukraine, and for the fearful, disillusioned people of Germany.

And so, with the advent of Christmas 1941, let us pray for a swift termination to the hostilities abroad; let us pray for a happy outcome to the struggles of the little peoples, for the abatement of their sufferings. Let us pray sincerely and fervently for "peace on earth, good-will toward men!"

IS THIS CHRISTMAS?

By June Parker

Here in America—
Bells gladly ringing,
Carolers singing,
Santa Claus bringing
Candy and toys.

Over in Europe—
War orphans crying,
Innocents dying,
Air raiders flying
O'er brave soldier boys.

Here in America—
Fat turkeys roasting,
Hot muffins toasting,
Gay children coasting
As snow flakes drift.

Over in Europe—
Officials deceiving
Sad parents grieving,
Children receiving
Bombs as a gift.
There's sorrow and suffering over the sea,
Let us give thanks to God in this "Land of the
Free"!

The Ghost Bus

By Paul Perry

THE night was chilly, damp, and forbidding. A dense fog had settled over the city, enveloping everything in a white blanket of obscurity. I thrust the crumpled newspaper I had been reading into my pocket. A small item had attracted my attention. "Somewhere between Brockton and Freeport," it read, "an inter-city bus disappeared last night with twenty-three passengers aboard. It has not been seen since." I stepped out of the doorway of the small restaurant into the fog. One could scarcely see fifty feet in front of him. It was not a night to be out in, I thought, as my teeth chattered from the cold . . . or was it the cold? I stopped at the corner to wait for the bus. It was an eerie spot to be waiting on a night like this. I shivered involuntarily, and a prickling sensation ran up and down my spine, as I thought of the lost bus.

I felt as if I were being watched by unseen eyes from the darkness. Suddenly I whirled and peered into the gloomy depths behind me. Was it my imagination, or was it a dim shape I had seen lurking in the shadows? But I saw nothing except the swirling mists.

"Must be the fog getting on my nerves," I thought. "I'm acting childish. There's nothing there."

I walked back to the curb and looked as far as I could down the street. I wished fervently that the bus would come. I wanted to get away from this ghostly place.

Suddenly, I heard a catlike step in the darkness. I turned and saw a shape emerging from the mist. My heart leaped; then I breathed a sigh of relief as I saw that it was only a man. On second glance, however, he proved to be a very queer-looking person. He was old; his face was wrinkled and

creased with the furrows of age. He had a long, straggly beard which covered most of the lower part of his jaw. A large slouch hat was on his head, and underneath the brim I could see locks of rough, stringy hair. He wore a shabby overcoat, the collar of which was turned up for protection from the chilly night air. But the most striking feature of his appearance was his eyes. They were so unusual that my attention was drawn to them almost immediately. They were small and piercing, looking at me over a long, thin nose. As I looked into those strange pupils I seemed to be peering into distant worlds. They seemed to look straight through me into eternal space beyond. Indeed, the whole appearance of the man seemed unearthly. He spoke not a word; his gaze seemed fixed on some remote object, yet looking where his eyes were focused, I could see nothing.

Then in the distance I perceived a dim light approaching, trailing like a meteor slowly through the midnight darkness. As it drew nearer, I saw that it was a bus. It slowed down as it approached us, and, as if guided by an unseen hand, glided to a stop directly in front of where we were standing. The ghostly figure at my side walked to the door and knocked three times. The doors slid open, and he stepped inside. Then, as if remembering me for the first time, he turned and beckoned me to enter. The gesture seemed like a summons from the grave. I felt a horrible sensation of fear. I tried to run, but my feet were rooted to the spot. Sweat stood out in large beads on my forehead. Some unearthly force compelled me to get in. The doors closed behind me, and the bus resumed its course. I sank trembling, into an empty seat.

"Pretty cold night, isn't it?" I remarked to the man sitting across the aisle. There was no answer. I glanced at his face. His eyes had the same unreal appearance as those of the man I had met on the street-corner. With a sudden sickening suspicion growing in my mind, I looked frantically at the other passengers. Their eyes were all the same, unseeing, staring straight ahead at nothing. No one moved or spoke. With a sudden spasm of fear I realized that I was riding in a bus full of dead men! For a moment I was stunned. I sat there motionless. A horrible dread of the unknown held me rigid in terror. I tried to shout, but my tongue refused to move. In sudden desperation, with a supreme effort, I rose to my feet. Then the bus lurched violently, throwing me to the floor. I picked myself up and staggered to the front, clutching the driver's arm in frenzied desperation.

"Stop!" I screamed. He paid no attention to me. The speed of the bus increased. We seemed to be flying through the air. Looking ahead, I saw, emerging out of the clouds, a shining gateway. It glowed with a brilliance so dazzling that it blinded me. I rushed to the door of the bus and beat frantically on the glass.

"Let me out!" I shouted. "Let me out."

Suddenly the doors opened, and I pitched out into the misty gloom. I fell swiftly, turning and twisting, clawing madly at the air in an attempt to check my flight. Behind and above me I caught a glimpse of a blinding flash of golden brilliance, then darkness. As I hurtled in my wild career towards the earth, I saw a row of many-colored lights sprinkled across the horizon. Faster and faster. I fell, and still faster, faster. The lights went out as I plunged towards I knew not what. It seemed as if the void of Hell was rushing up to meet me, to engulf me

in its fiery pit of doom. Then everything went blank.

The next thing I felt was something cold and damp. I opened my eyes and looked about. I was lying prostrate on the sidewalk, on the very spot from which I had started my hideous journey. I ached in every muscle. I felt as if I had been pulled apart limb from limb. My head was splitting, and I felt a dull pounding. Then, I saw a light again. It was my bus, coming up the road. I could see the people in it, talking and laughing. As the bus pulled up in front of me, I struggled to my feet, staggered inside and sank exhausted into a seat.

Dimly the conductor's voice came to me. "Had a couple too many, eh, Bud?" he inquired.

"No, I—" I stopped. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

As we rounded the corner, I saw the lights of my home shining cheerily in the distance. The bus stopped, and I lurched out the door. I staggered up the steps and into the house. It seemed as if I could not move my feet another step. I reeled across the room, the world swimming before my smarting eyes. Finally I managed to crawl upstairs and clamber into my bed, I sank immediately into a deep sleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, the middle of the afternoon to be exact. My clothes were still on me, tattered and soiled beyond recognition. As I struggled to rise, I felt a searing pain in my legs. I felt as if I could never get up. Then I remembered. That horrible experience—or was it only a nightmare? Perhaps it was all my imagination. Perhaps it had really happened. I only know what occurred as I have set it down here. As to whether it is true or not, you may form your own opinion of that.

A Storybook Christmas

By Mary Lynch



I ONCE experienced a real honest-to-goodness Christmas, the kind of Christmas you read about, with fun, festivities, and family; the kind of Christmas you treasure in memory and dust off each year to relive, to laugh and perhaps to cry over a little.

The setting was a large old fashioned house with a friendly atmosphere. It was located in a small, friendly town where everyone knew everyone else and Christmas was a joyous season shared by all.

Preparation in that friendly old house started days in advance. The house was cleaned from attic to cellar until every corner was spotless. Then the wreaths, adorned with gay red ribbons were hung at the windows. Ropes of fragrant evergreen were festooned above the fireplace and draped from the chandeliers to each corner of the rooms. Tall candles shed their golden radiance from every window. Two especially beautiful candles in hand hewn holders stood like tall sentinels at each end of the living room mantel, their flames casting dancing shadows on the walls. And of course, in the hall hung the traditional mistletoe.

In the kitchen there was a joyous bustle of preparation. Baking was the project which interested me greatly. The kitchen was filled with hurrying figures and a spicy smell which

seemed to pervade the whole house. I watched enraptured the preparation of the various goodies of which I was chief sampler. There were stuffed dates, delicious fudge, and Christmas candies of every kind and flavor. Jars of cookies—ginger, molasses, spice, raisin, carefully guarded as if they were crocks of gold. Pickles both sour and sweet, ruby red jellies and berries preserved for just such an occasion were brought forth. Pies—oh, dozens of pies, apple, mince, pumpkin, blueberry and cherry, all with delicately browned crusts, filled the kitchen with the most tantalizing aromas.

Silver and dishes handed down from each generation were assembled and the silver was polished until it shone. Old dishes were unearthed from the china closet and carefully washed and dried. Frail, delicate cups with hand painted designs, gold rimmed plates and other treasures were brought forth. The old silver coffee service appeared. Precious linen tablecloths, rich with embroidery and lace, were taken from their hiding places to contribute to the beauty of the Christmas table.

The search for the Christmas tree was a very important event. There was just enough snow on the ground to make perfect sleighing. We all piled into the sleigh and started on our adventure to the merry jingle of sleigh bells. In our search we saw many trees, but the perfect one seemed to elude us. When we finally found it, waiting for us amid the drifting snowflakes, it was just as we'd dreamed—tall, stately, and possessing somehow an inner radiance. We bore it home in triumph, and that night the clan (all having arrived by this time) gathered to decorate it. And when it stood in all its glory, I was not alone in my sighs of rapture.

On Christmas Eve, after the ceremony of the tree, we sat before the open fire, popping corn, pulling taffy, munching apples, and gossiping until the grandfather's clock chimed the late hours. Then the traditional stockings were hung and when the fire burned low, some looked into the leaping flames and saw reflected there all their secret hopes and ambitions. Then the fire was left alone until later, when shadowy figures stole softly downstairs to place their gifts under the tree.

Christmas morning arrived at last—with all its thrills and gifts. Then came the dinner. And what a dinner! The turkey browned and stuffed with delicious chesnut dressing occupied the center of the feast. Everyone was hypnotized by it. Around it were mountains of snowy white mashed potatoes and golden turnips. Also, there were stalks of white celery, bowls of olives and as always nuts and figs, cider, delicious steaming coffee. Vegetables of all kinds and the cherished jellies and pickles were in abundance. And of course the plum pudding was lighted and brought in last after the pies. The pies disappeared so fast that I didn't sample a piece of every one as I vowed I would. So the dinner was a glorious success enjoyed thoroughly by all—all having forgotten about calories. Why, during the dinner even the dullest, severest relatives unbent and added their bit to the flowing conversation.

Finally night came, and the festivities ceased. The relatives departed amid fond farewells and the house settled into quietness. But it was the nicest time of all, as the old house still echoed with the gaiety of the Christmas season. The fire burned low and the candles in the windows were but dim flames. Snowflakes sifted gently down, and now and then a passerby stopped to gaze at the placid picture of a truly friendly house.

I sat before the fire and watched the flames die and vowed that I would always remember my story-book Christmas.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY BORTOLO BIANCHI

1922—1941

By Bohdan Kruck

A Tribute on the Passing of a Young Friend
and Classmate

His life was like
A summer leaf
Flourishing in the warm sunlight.
Suddenly the cold autumn wind
Sweeps down with violence
And the leaf, stricken,
Falls to earth.

His life was like
A shining star
Bright in the sky of dawn
Filling the heaven with its splendor.
Swiftly the light of day spreads
And the star fades;
Night has ended.

His life was like
An unfinished song,
Whose clear, sweet music
Was the melody of youth.
Suddenly the song ceases
The last sound softly
Vanishing into eternity.

December, 1941

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Vacation Daze

By Irene Cooney

AH, how delightful is Christmas vacation! Students are faced with two full weeks of happiness—weeks in which homework is forgotten and gaiety reigns. Sleeping late in the morning, staying up until all hours at night—these are the privileges of even the sophomores.

The days that come before Christmas are perhaps not so restful as they might be. Each one is crammed full of exciting activity. Hours are spent hunting for a tie for Cousin Joe or a bottle of perfume for Aunt Sarah. There is a steady stream of gifts entering the house and then mysteriously disappearing. Tables in even the best organized households are piled high with masses of tissue paper, ribbon, tags, and gummed seals. Fragrant balsams must be trimmed with colorful balls and sparkling tinsel. Always, it seems the tinsel is used up before the tree is complete; therefore, someone is forever being ordered to the store for an extra bolt "before the shops close."

On Christmas Day everyone feels that his efforts were well spent when he observes the effect of presents piled beneath the gaily decked boughs of the evergreen. Somehow, the chaotic maze of ribbons, tinsel, tissue, and what-not has been cleared away, and the house once again regains its ordered simplicity. Outside large flakes of snow, drifting quietly to earth, heighten the impressions of peace by enclosing the house in a white curtain which shuts off all else. Within, tempting odors pervade the atmosphere; roasting turkeys, spicy mince pies, and piquant cranberry sauce spread fragrant aromas throughout the whole house. As one sits down to the bounteous repast, he has a feeling of well-being, security, and peace.

The days that follow Christmas are just as exciting; there is not much relaxation during this vacation. The tenseness of pre-Christmas days has vanished, however, and in its place is a sense of carefree abandon. High school lads and lasses sharpen their skates for merry ice parties. Dates are arranged for the New Year's dances. The girls welcome these events as an opportunity to wear their newly acquired finery, and the boys look forward with eager anticipation to that all-too-brief moment under the mistletoe.

Alas! Too soon comes the realization that vacation is over. The return to school (inevitable result) causes many a sigh. With lagging step they go, "creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school." Spring holidays seem so far away that boys and girls forget how fast time flies. Before they have finished lamenting the past vacation, another will be almost at hand.

CHRISTMAS

By Calvin Tainter

Christmas day

Sunshine, toys

Work, play,

Girls and boys.

Holly, hemlock,

Green mistletoe

Lights and candles

Row on row.

Christ on his birthday,

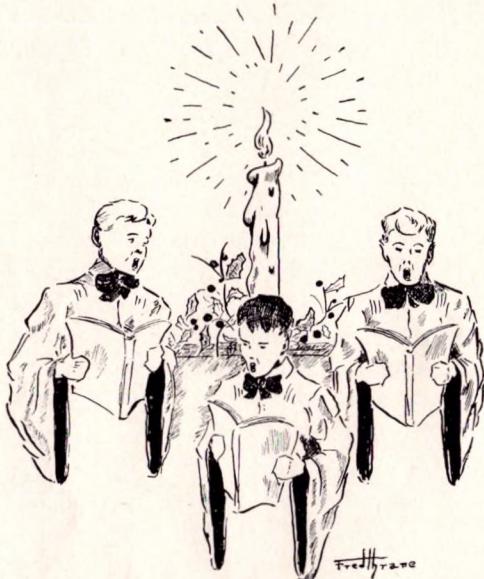
Angels on high,

Sing out through the heavens,

That Christmas is nigh.

Adeste Fideles

By Paul Perry



of the crusader dying with the name of Jesus on his lips.

After all, Christmas is a living spirit, holy and pure, and consecrated to the birth of One whose teachings have influenced the world more than those of anyone else since time began. It is more than just a tradition, a holiday to celebrate every December twenty-fifth. With the world as it is today, we need the Christmas spirit in our hearts. Let us keep it there—always.

MIRAGE

By Elinor Phelps

The years passed and passed—
The winds and storms
Did not spare the lone maple which stood
By the meadow.
They said, "A menace; it must come down—"
And now it stood,
Gaunt against the sky,
Stripped of its branches,
One tall trunk
Alone.

The scudding clouds
Hurried, hurried by;
Falling dusk cast a weird light
Upon the scene.
An ancient sacrifice,
A pagan priest, a frenzied victim,
A cry—a god appeased.
No, no, a civilized land,
A tree, an old maple,
A turbulent New England sky.
That is all.

CHRISTMAS, to me, means more than just the holiday spirit which prevails at this season, or the singing of Christmas carols, the giving and receiving of gifts, the rush and bustle of the crowds doing their Christmas shopping. All these go to make up the appearance, the physical aspect of Christmas—these and many more; the holly hung over the doorway, the wreath in the window, the glowing Christmas tree, the Christmas fire, crackling in the fireplace.

But there is a deeper, spiritual meaning in Christmas. There is a story behind the word, a story as old as Time itself, of a bright star shining down on a sleeping village, and three wise men worshipping a Babe in the hay of a manger. It recalls the suffering of Jesus on the cross, and His last words before He died: "Forgive them, O my Father, for they know not what they do." It brings memories of the very beginnings of Christianity; of the early Roman martyrs, suffering hardship, persecution, torture, and death in Christ's name;

December, 1941

13

The Seamy Side

By Robert Cooper

(Who helped with the apple harvest of 1941)



the tendency for the apples to flourish only on the outermost branches makes the picker's job a thousand-fold more difficult. An apple orchard would never be included in an apple picker's Utopia.

One should also have a profound pity for the sorters, those unlucky fellows who sort the apples into different size classifications. They must handle countless thousands of apples daily. Rather than dream of innumerable red, juicy apples, as he most certainly would, the sorter welcomes insomnia. Instead of pink elephants or purple dragons, he sees in moments of supreme relaxation, apples goosestepping in hobnailed boots. Yes, the sorter is indeed to be pitied.

BEFORE you, a mere consumer, bite into that delicious McIntosh red, I wish that you would give a thought to the poor suffering laborers who have made that bite possible, for their plight will acquaint you with the seamy side of apples. Having picked macs at the rate of five thousand a day for two weeks myself, I feel that I am in a position to explain the troubles of my comrades.

The job of picking apples is a thankless one. The troubles of a picker remind one of the plight of the ancient mariner, with "water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink"; for though the apple picker is surrounded by the delicious fruit, he has no desire to indulge. This is due to the sharp almost, one might say, gamey taste of a freshly picked mack, a taste which the average consumer never experiences. Then too, the trouble which a picker must go through to obtain this fruit is enough to make one's heart break. In large trees, he is scratched and torn into a condition mindful of a raw hamburger. In small trees,

Nor is the owner of an apple orchard without problems. He must get enough labor out of his help to make a suitable profit. This would be less difficult if it weren't for the poor environment. The sweet odor of apples, the fresh, luxuriant grass which looks so inviting—these things help no end in making a tired boy even more tired. The owner must also find a market for his drops or wind-blown apples, and this is sometimes very difficult. It would be a strange sight indeed to see a man so burdened with worries, munching contentedly on one of his own apples.

With so many people raving about apples, and so many nutrition experts recommending them, it is interesting to know that not everyone revels in the sight of a McIntosh. To a picker, sorter, or orchard owner, an apple represents hours of sweaty toil, sleepless nights, and countless worries. The next time you sink your bicuspids into a beautiful mac, please give me and my comrades a kindly thought.



As everyone knows, Santa visits us on Christmas Eve. The teachers have put their lists in early so that they will not be disappointed when old St. Nick comes. Shall we take a peek in order to find out our teachers' wishes?

MISS NAGLE—TURKEY!

MR. MCKENNA—An introduction to Miss Allen. (The faculty, he says, will understand.)

MISS RHODES—A trip to the moon.

MR. HERBERG—That automatic test marking machine that the machine shop boys have promised me if I got an A.A. priority rating.

MISS PARKER—A sound proof office and a noiseless telephone bell.

MISS MUSGROVE—An end to this war.

MISS PREDIGER—A fur lined suit to keep me warm.

MR. LYNCH—A raise in pay.

MISS PFEIFFER—I'm still waiting for my cottage in the country.

MISS KALIHER—An IRISH setter.

MR. INNIS—The latest French dictionary by the Academe Francaise.

MISS DALY—A trip to South America.

MISS POWERS—A peaceful holiday.

MR. HENNESSEY—Bigger Sophs for my biology classes.

MISS BULGER—An airplane.

MR. NEWMAN—That I may have a YACHT.

MR. GEARY—A bomb shelter.

MR. HERRICK—A looooong Christmas vacation and a dozen pencils.

MR. LEAHY—Some SOFT snow.

MISS MURPHY—A sixth period class disposed toward intellectual improvement.

MR. REYNOLDS—A victory over Mr. Carey in golf.

MR. MALONEY—Me too! I want a raise.

MR. CONROY—Money for another trip out West.

A LETTER FROM SANTA

North Pole
December 5, 1941

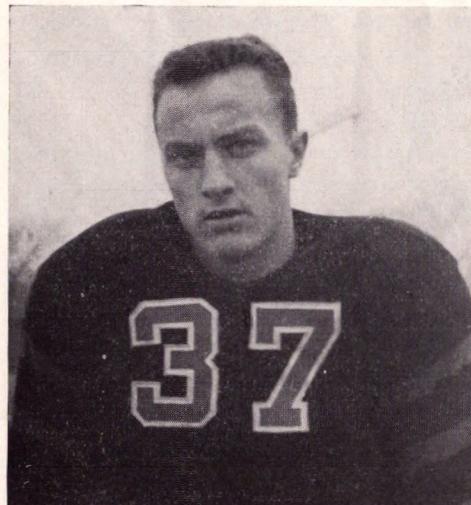
Dear Miss Pfeiffer,

I'm very sorry I slighted you last Christmas. You will remember that there was no snow on the ground, and that it was necessary for me to come in my car instead of by sled and reindeer. This situation left me so befuddled that I forgot to bring you your cottage in the country. But this year, Miss Pfeiffer, you shall not be disappointed. Your dream house is now under construction. You shall receive it on Christmas Eve.

Santa.

P. S. Don't wait up for me to come because I have so many other presents to give out to teachers of P. H. S. that I shall be very late.

WHO'S WHO



THEODORE MEZEJEWSKI

G. G.

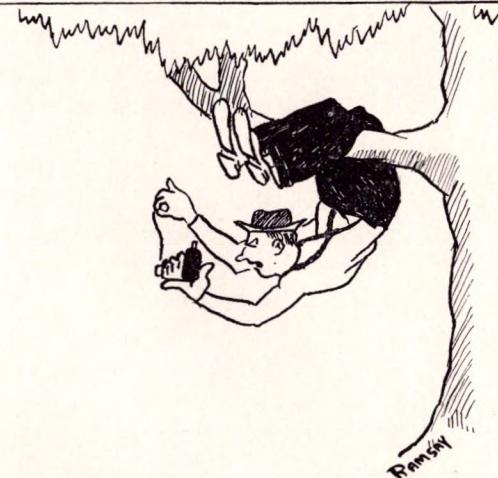
Gloria Granfield, as her name implies, is one of the most glorious members of the Class of '42. What a busy miss she is! She is the new Advertising Manager of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, and is also chairman of the Good Will Committee. Gloria just doesn't like soda pop or peppermints, but does she have a flare for chocolate! Shall we just whisper her favorite pastime—an out-of-town correspondence! She is very reticent about her plans for the future, but we all know that Gloria is headed toward success.



GLORIA GRANFIELD

FUTURE TOOTH PULLER

We have amidst us one Theodore Mezejewski, better known as "Ted" or "Mezzy", who has hopes in the future of being a dentist. But now, while he's in school he says French is his favorite subject. Yes, he likes the fairer sex too, blondes preferred. He has a special weakness for banana royales. So, girls, look for him in the ice cream parlors. He dislikes reporters, but likes jazz and plays the trumpet. "Ted" is one of the mainstays of the school football team and a member of the Sigma Hi-Y. Let's wish this fellow success in the future.



AMBITIOUS SENIOR

This pert lass is Miss Gloria Cushman, Editor of *School Notes* and member of the Senior Council. Sorry, boys, there is no chance whatsoever. All Gloria's affections are reserved for a certain P. H. S. alumnus '41. She likes nothing better than a bowl of chicken chop suey, and her favorite topic of conversation is Henry (Ford).

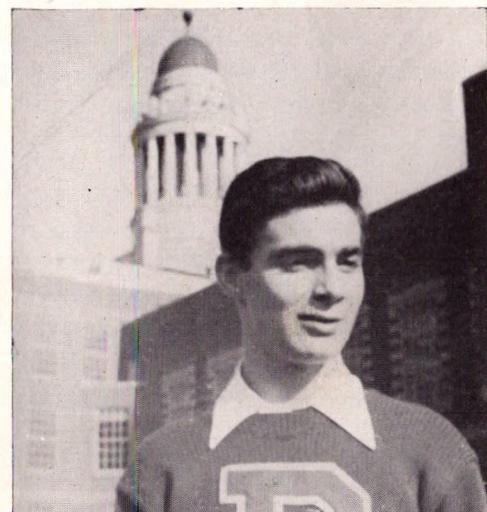
Gloria is a most energetic young lady and whenever she's around the tempo steps up.



GLORIA CUSHMAN

VERSATILE BOY

This very ardent spaghetti eater who often has a very black eye (?) is Patrick Molinari, better known to all as "Pat". Pat is vice-president of the Senior class, president of Senior Hi-Y, and a very active member of the football and track teams. His particular dislike is women drivers. (P. S. No reference to any person living or dead.) Although Pat thinks brunettes are all right, blondes especially, rate tops with him.



PATRICK MOLINARI

CONCERTMASTER

Here is a young gentleman who will some day afford much competition to the fame of Jascha Heifetz and Albert Spalding. "Bob" Coleman is the concertmaster of our P. H. S. orchestra and he flips a mean bow. In the future he plans to do some conducting and composing between concert tours. Although he is devoted to music, he finds time to hike, play football, and eat. All who know him feel certain that his sunny disposition and keen sense of humor will set him off on a brilliant career.



ROBERT COLEMAN



By June Ravage

COME on now, let's get right into the spirit of things by pinning one of those adorable pine cone and holly corsages on our lapel or in our hair before we begin our department to department canvass of the city's largest department stores.

But perhaps you would appreciate a few tips on gifts to be had at moderate prices. First of all, there are the bath powder and cologne sets put out by all the leading cosmetic companies, along with matching face powder, lipstick, rouge, perfume, soap, and nail polish. The nail polish also comes in little sets which include matching lipsticks in any color from a razzly, dazzling red, to a coy pink. But please, please, *please* do not mix the colors—or the scents.

Oh, now wait a minute! Before we go any further and I forget! Get hold of all the little bells you can lay your hands on, and tie them on your shoelaces, pin them in your hair, and crochet them onto strands of different colored wool to use as necklaces and bracelets; also attach them to Christmas packages to give a little different touch. Now to get back to the business at hand.

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what shall poor Janie do then?"—

if she doesn't have some nice red wool sleepers to curl up in while she waits for Saint Nick to come down the chimney.

To keep your "tootsies" warm when the fire gets low or the blankets are too short, get knitted booties. They come in all colors.

School's out and if the weather man is good to us, our skating, skiing, sleighing, tobogganing, and so forth, are on. But to feel completely at ease and good-and-toasty warm, it is wise to be properly dressed. Here's where that grand new red wool underwear will come in handy. For most of us a ski suit will do duty in all outdoor sports except possibly skating. Gabardine is becoming increasingly popular for suits although wool is still used for those who prefer it. Regardless of the outer material, the innards are similar. Many are sheepskin lined (removable) and some are reversible, giving you an entirely new color scheme. Pretty neat! ! The ski pants generally have a tapered leg, which is convenient to tuck into ski boots and skating shoes. Suspenders are a handy little item for holding them up, and they come in a variety of colors with embroidered designs and can also be worn with skirts. A big leather belt—that you can steal from Dad just as easily as you can fall coming down a hill ten miles an hour on skis—also holds the pants up well.

In other words, dress sensibly and comfortably with an eye for style and you'll have fun.



SENIOR NOTES

On October 29, the seniors got down to business at their second class meeting. The vote previously made against the class council was reconsidered. After much discussion another vote was taken reinstating the council. Elections for the council were held a few days later, with the results as follows: Marjorie Bowerman, Clarence Brower, Marion Berard, Edward Badgonas, Joan Collins, Joseph Condon, Gloria Cushman, Modestino Criscitiello, George Cooke, Irma Dondi, Olindo Dragone, Ruth Farrell, Donald Eigenbaum, Peter Gelasnica, Gloria Granfield, John Haley, Dorothy Holly, William Kelly, Jennie Kross, William King, Mary Mac Iver, Robert McEachron, Lois Merriman, James Monk, Lawrence Naughton, Julia Pedrotti, Elinor Richards, John Ramsey, Isabel Shaw, Kenneth Shephard, Robert St. Clair, George Strizzi, Lawrence Tower, Viola Stankiewicz, Ruth White, and Edward Ziembra.

The Senior Ring Committee has reorganized with Modestino Criscitiello as chairman. Some of the seniors are very happy that they bought their rings last year, as it has recently been announced that there is a ten per cent tax on each ring.

At a senior class meeting held on November 18, the following pupils were elected chairmen of the committees:
The Yearbook—Allan Peirson
Cap and Gowns—Malcolm Graham

Class Day—Gerald Kelley
Operetta—Robert Davis
Pictures—Olindo Dragone

IOLANTHE

Everyone in P. H. S. remembers with pleasure the past operettas, "Pinafore", "The Mikado", and "The Pirates of Penzance". This year another of Gilbert and Sullivan's works, "Iolanthe", is to be produced. Due to the fact that so many seniors are in defense classes Mr. Gorman has found it necessary to ask graduates to fill two major roles. The cast which has recently been selected is:

Lord Chancellor	Don Lucier
Earl of Mountararat	Frank Barreca
Earl Lolloller	Bruce Miller
Private Willis	Forbes Cullen
Strephon	Calvin Tainter
Queen of Fairies	Phyllis Cooley
Iolanthe	Florence Gomes
Phyllis	Nancy McVeigh
Celia	Florence Ward
Leila	Patricia Smith

The two graduates, Bruce Miller and Don Lucier will be remembered for their roles in "The Mikado." There will also be a chorus of dukes, marquises, barons, viscounts, and fairies. Yes, "Iolanthe" will be by far the best ever.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND THE SCHOOL

Margaret Grutter looking ten years older after every Latin test . . . Joseph Condron having his seat changed in study hall because he kept the surrounding students in stitches. . . Mr. Lynch having home room troubles. . .

Patricia Fallon practising the "Good Neighbor Policy" . . . Louise Aldrich sporting an adorable bracelet and necklace set. . . Barbara Conroy knitting a pair of socks during lunch hour . . . Florence Ward looking weary the day after a gala Hallowe'en dance . . . Sophomores trudging to their first period class after a hectic geometry departmental. . . Donald Radke asking Miss Pfeiffer what kind of a hat a "porkie" is . . . Mr. Sheridan trying his best to keep those eight vivacious girls quiet in 212 the 4th period . . . Sylvia Wellington accidentally knocking Shirley Perry's last piece of gum on the floor . . . Miss Jordan running to school . . . Ann Andrews losing her shoe during the 2:30 rush . . . Mary Harwood relating her experience when she attended a recent houseparty at Wesleyan College . . . Dick Bolendar falling asleep during 6th period study . . . the boys in 206 the 2nd period being subject to surrounding circumstances . . . "Senator" Norman McGeoch wondering how he'll make himself well known when he goes to Washington . . . Clarence Brower holding hands (not his own either) . . . Jean Mattoon having two flat tires (wasn't one bad enough) . . . Miss Nagle turning over a new leaf before New Year's . . . Saddle shoes getting blacker and blacker . . . Phyllis Leonard getting into trouble over a certain letter . . . Pat Molinari displaying a black eye . . . Mr. Herrick's bright juniors still using that old one about "Oh! dear", . . . Miss Kaliher issuing bigger and better tests . . . Miss Daly giving out tables (multiplication) right and left . . . every one wearing tricky pins, "thumbs up" . . . Joan Frances Collins and Mary Virginia Murphy swapping shoes . . . Lois Aspinall still bumping

around in her Ford until it has squeaks, and more squeaks . . . Ginny Arrow blushing when she hears anyone mention Dartmouth . . . Bill Rice taking piano lesson (?) from a brunette.

A GOOD IDEA, SOPHS?

Everyone is always ready to criticize the Sophs. However, just to be different, we have put on our thinking caps and have succeeded in thinking about some inventions which would be mighty useful to these poor mistreated individuals. We feel sure that they will bless us for life. The inventions are:

I. A detailed volume on "How to Disappear When Teacher Asks a Question That You Can't Answer."

II. Spitballs sold in the cafeteria at the price of two for a cent. (A means of revenge against those seniors and juniors).

III. Small capsules that, when taken, will produce the quality of sophistication which so few of these tenth graders possess.

IV. Traffic officers who realize that these people are befuddled. They are so amazed and bewildered with everyone and everything that they can't be expected to remember traffic regulations along with everything else.

V. A device that will get a pupil's lessons for him (or her) while he (or she) is otherwise engaged—with beaux, the radio, taking mother (?) to the movies, the latest best seller, or simple relaxation.

THEY'RE JUNIORS WHEN THEY

1. Talk about the Junior Prom.
2. Act indifferent toward the Sophs.
3. Think they're as intelligent as the seniors.
4. Worry about algebra departmentals.
5. Proudly display their class rings.
6. Forget their locker combinations and never tell anybody.
7. Sneak out on section A when they're in section B or vice versa.

December, 1941

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MINUTE INTERVIEWS

It has been said by many people that high school days are the happiest days in one's life. This belief has led us to the following inquiry. "Of the six hours each day that you are at P. H. S., what do you enjoy the most?"

IRVING PERLMAN—141 Study Hall.

LAFOREST SMITH—Mixing chemicals in chemistry.

JUNE CUSHMAN—The excitement that never happens.

AUBRY DESMOND—Al-ge-bra.

PHYLLIS COOLEY—The five minute periods between classes.

BILLY BRODERICK—Slipping it over on Miss Nagle.

PAT SMITH—Lunch period.

ALFRED DANIELS—2:30 P. M.

BERNICE GARRITY—History, of course!

BILL CLAFFIE—Watching the Sophs play basketball.

BARBARA YOUNG—Freehand drawing, I guess.

WILLARD DELIVAN—Chemistry.

ELEANOR ECKERSON—I like study hall, but I always go to the library.

RUTH HOLDEN—Fifth period appeals to me.

DORIS COSTINE—Watching Mr. Geary enforce the law.

RUTH McCORMACK—Feeling the effect of Mr. Geary's enforcement.

MARY HARWOOD—Trying to figure out Miss Kaliher's matching tests.

CLARENCE BROWER—Carolyn—of course.

RUTH WILBUR—Mr. Herrick's algebra period.

FRANCIS FOLEY—The band.

HELEN WILLIAMS—Biology with the Sophs!

GENE SCOTT—Study hall.

DONALD ANDREWS—Walking a certain someone to homeroom at 2:30.

LOIS ASPINALL—Waiting for dismissal.

BETTY WOOD—The library.

RALPH RINGEY—Wolfing in the corridors.

NEWS FROM THE CLUBS

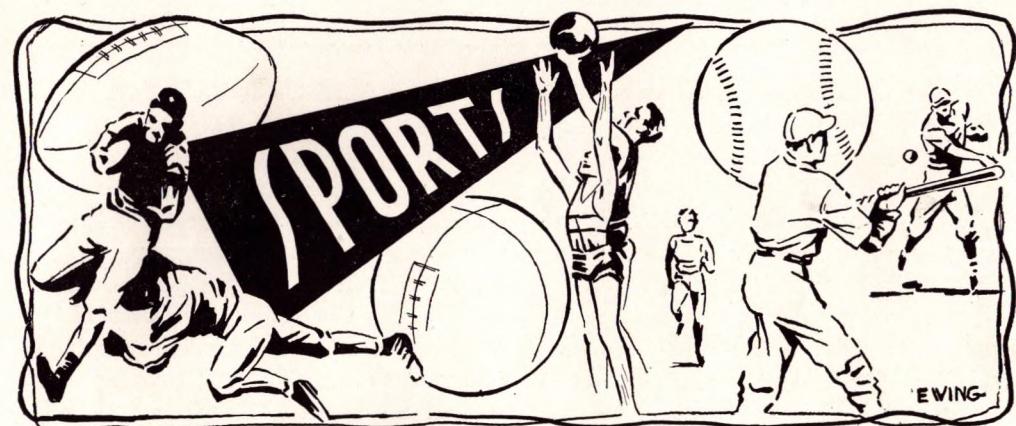
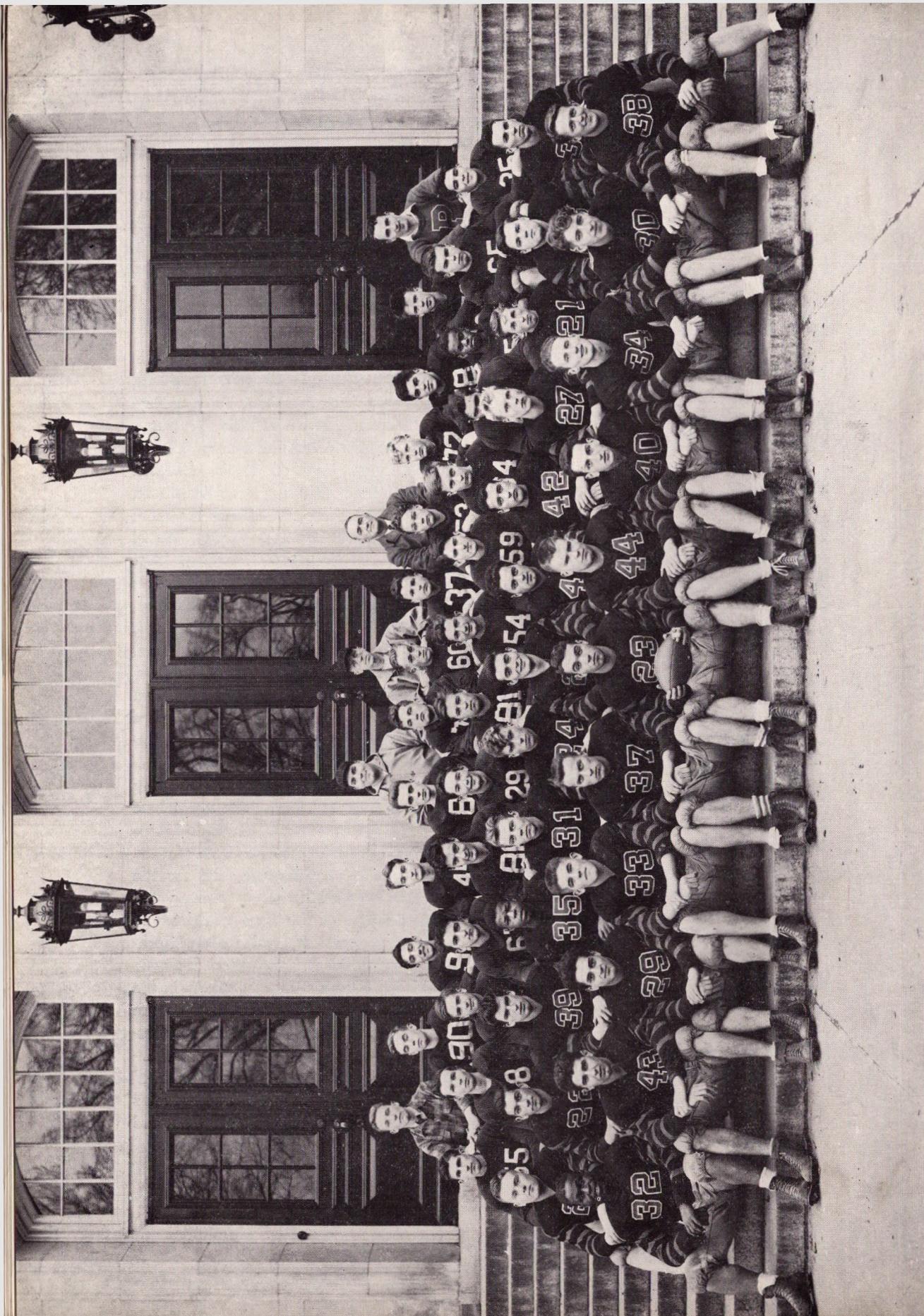
The Tri-Hi-Y and Hi-Y clubs held a successful Harvest Hop a few Fridays back. Mary Harwood, Barbara Barrett, Phyllis Leonard, Cecil Gamwell, Lawrence Frank, and George Taylor acted as chairmen. Dancing was enjoyed by everyone from eight until twelve to the music of Sammy Vincent and his orchestra.

The following officers have been elected in the Tri-Hi-Y: *Gamma Chapter*: President, Isabel Shaw; Vice President, Priscilla Reynolds; Secretary, Helen Heidel; Treasurer, Phyllis Leonard; Warden, Lois Aspinall, and Advisor, Mrs. Jaehnert. *Alpha Chapter*: President, Irma Dondi; Vice President, Eleanor Preble; Secretary, Eleanor Eckerson; Treasurer, Barbara Barrett; Warden, Muriel Elser, and Advisor, Mrs. Peterson. *Beta Chapter*: President, Priscilla Musgrove; Vice President, Joan Collins; Secretary, Gene Scott; Treasurer, Mary Harwood, Warden, Sally Sisson, and Advisor, Mrs. Bernie Adams.

The Debating Club has elected William Kelly, President; Donald Figgenbaum, Vice President; Ester Green, Secretary, and Chester Lathrop, Parliamentarian. This organization recently held a "question bee" with Day Brigham taking top honors. The last debate was "Resolved: That Merchant Ships Should Be Armed." Discussion leader for the affirmative was Day Brigham, and for the negative, William Hughes.

The members of the Lens Club elected Inez Horth, president, and Robert Kosinsky, vice president.

There has been a change in officers in the Motion Picture Club. Grace Hayn is the Recording Secretary; Allyson Roberts, Corresponding Secretary; Claire Potter, Librarian. The club attended "Sergeant York" or "Citizen Kane", each member choosing his preference. Assignments were given out and will be used for study in future meetings.



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

1st row, left to right: Joe Reid, Roger Driscoll, Frank Goso, Francis Fields, Ted Mezejewski, Capt. Tony Procopio, Jerry Kelly, Andy Walak, John Formell, Leo Sammon, Jack Carmody.

2nd row, left to right: William Fitzgerald, David Sperlonga, Ted Volski, Tommy Evans, Robert Miller, Ralph Bower, Pat Molinari, Andy Conti, Pete Arlos, Allan Perrson, William Palmer, Edward Bramly, John Haley.

3rd row, left to right: William Pulaski, Ed Scharmann, Thomas Ricci, Joe Zofrea, Alfred Daniels, Joe Carmody, Dick Carlon, Tony Revizo, Guy Paterson, Lincoln Wiley, Felix Sacco, John Hubbard, Ted Osland, Tony Pastori.

4th row, left to right: Bill Magner, Francis Singer, Peter Soldato, Ken Dallmeyer, Joe Budreau, Lawrence Bowerman, Robert Rozon, Ernest Zaik, Charles Macbeth, Rod Brown, Ed. Massery, Gene Steele, Ed Hanna.

Coaches—Ralph Simmons, Line Coach; Stewart, Head Coach; Carmody, Assistant Coach.

P. H. S. LOSES TO SUPERIOR ADAMS TEAM 19 TO 0

By Robert Vlastnik

Pittsfield High's football team suffered a 19 to 0 setback at the hands of Adams High, Saturday, October 21, at Deming Field.

Adams's first two touchdowns came in the

opening minutes of play. The first coming on the third play of the game, their second came after Pittsfield fumbled the first time it had possession of the ball. Adams recovered, and from there, it took only three plays to take the pigskin over the last stripe and net Adams six points. They failed to convert the extra point. Adams's third and final touchdown came in the opening moments of the final period, and came on Adams's favorite play, the triple reverse.

PITTSFIELD UPSETS DRURY HIGH, 6-0

By Donald Morey

On October 25, a snappy, frosty afternoon in North Adams, Coach Stewart's Pittsfield eleven left a capacity crowd of 2,000 completely stunned as it calmly and capably upset the favored home team Drury by the decisive score of 6-0.

Pittsfield opened its attack in the initial period as it steamrolled over the Drury defense down to the one and one half-yard line. There, the North Adams defending champs got the ball as over-anxiety caused a Pittsfield fumble. This march, which netted 66 yards, was featured by a 26-yard Fields to Procopio pass.

Another scoring opportunity that Pittsfield had, came as the second half opened when Drury fumbled the kickoff and lost the ball. However, again the desired pay dirt was not reached by the Shire City eleven.

Then, like an express train, at the final quarter's opening, Pittsfield zoomed down the field with humbling proficiency, scoring a touchdown and a complete upset. It was Capt. Tony Procopio who lugged the pigskin those last twelve yards for the score, to the great disappointment of the Drury rooters.

It was not one player or two who won the game for Pittsfield. It was that whole team working together, like the parts of a great surging machine, each displaying inspired work. Alert and intelligent playing by the Pittsfield High players broke the morale of the Drury eleven and ended the long Drury domination of the Berkshire gridiron.

PITTSFIELD HIGH CRUSHES ST. JOE 20-0

By *Tony Tagliente*

Pittsfield High completely trampled a hard fighting St. Joe eleven 20-0 before five thousand wild-eyed spectators at Deming Field on Armistice Day.

Captain Tony Procopio led a smashing attack in the first quarter although he did not tally until the beginning of the second. This was the result of Pat Molinari's recovering a St. Joe fumble. After pushing toward the goal for several plays, Procopio raced eighteen yards over the goal-line amid perfect blocking. Ted Mezejewski caught his blocked place-kick and jogged over for the extra point.

Although St. Joe fought hard during the second half, Pittsfield High scored two more touchdowns and made considerable yardage.

As the third period ended, the Purple and White claimed the pigskin by Jack Carmodity's recovery. This time Kelly took over, and the Pittsfield boys made three consecutive first downs. Then Kelly crashed through the line for the remaining thirteen yards. The score was 14-0 as Mezejewski made a perfect place-kick. Gaining possession of the ball, the Pittsfield backs moved it into scoring position again, and Mezejewski went around the end for the third and final touchdown.

P. H. S. CHALKS UP SUCCESSFUL GRID SEASON

By *Richard Carpino*

Scampering out of a slump from two previous seasons, the P. H. S. gridsters battled through a successful 1941 campaign.

Having leveled the high hopes of the Dalton eleven by a 19-0 score, the Pittsfield boys continued their forward march in marginning Greenfield 13-12 the following Saturday.

After a set-back of 12-0 from Springfield Tech, Pittsfield High's fellows reinstated themselves by blasting Albany Academy to the result of a 19-0 victory.

The following week Adams High trampled our fighting players to the tune of nineteen points.

With renewed vigor Pittsfield High School's grid squad encountered Drury High's strong eleven and met them with a terrific onslaught that produced six winning points.

Then the Pittsfield boys clashed against Poughkeepsie and when the final whistle blew the score was a 7-7 tie.

Finally, came the most important battle of the season, the battle royal, against Pittsfield High's foremost rival, St. Joseph High School. Pittsfield High's team scored twenty points before hostilities were brought to an end.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By *Patricia Fallon*

DANCING

Social dancing for beginners has started under the direction of the Misses McLaughlin and McNaughton on Wednesdays at 2.30. Sixty boys and sixty girls have signed up and the classes will last for six weeks. Some of the South American dances will be taught along with the fox trot and waltz.

Shawn Dancing started November nineteenth. Last year the group put on a lovely exhibition of grace and charm, which we all are sure will be repeated at this year's gym exhibition. Who knows, maybe some of these girls will end up at "Jacob's Pillow".

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VOLLEY BALL

Sophomore, junior, and senior volley ball teams, which meet Monday, Friday, and Thursday, respectively, are practising so that they may have enough skill to participate in the inter-class tournament in December.

BADMINTON

The seniors and juniors have completed their lessons in badminton and are ready for the tournament in early spring. Sophomores will take their lessons in the winter. Any girl even though she did not take part in the classes, will be able to take part in the tournament.

IN THE CLASS

The gym classes have come in from the great outdoors and are now learning tap and folk dancing.

The usual two classes a week have been cut down to one while the sophomores take a course in personal hygiene and the juniors, first aid. These subjects do not differ from any other, as always, there will be an examination.

ARCHERY

"Hurrah! A bull's eye!" "Oh, heck! I missed again!"

These were the cries that greeted me as I entered the Gymnasium where the archery tournament was being held. Good shots—bad shots—each greeted with various exclamations.

Arrows placed—positions taken, and to the accompaniment of "Anyone behind the curtains, speak now or forever hold your peace," the arrows shot from their bows and whizzed through the air to land,—shall I say—in the bull's-eye? Well, sometimes!

But when the tournament came to a close, we found that Jane Hearn again placed first; Francis Lonergan, second; and June Ravage third in the advanced archery group; while in the beginners' group Anna Wolok, first; Pauline Volk, second; and Mary McDonald, third.



By *William Deminoff*

THE library offers this month a varied selection of books in the marine field. Included is John D. Craig's *Danger Is My Business*, a volume which should prove doubly interesting since many of us met the author as a lecturer in our school. The book gives a thrilling chronological account of the author's adventures in various parts of the world as a deep-sea diver. The book is prefaced with a philosophy of danger written in an easily-understood manner.

If a thrilling narrative of peril, heroism, and intrigue on the high seas provides a source of enjoyment for you, we suggest Felix Reisenberg's saga, *Full Speed Ahead*, a story of the American Merchant Marine.

To complete our list, *A Coast Guard Cadet* by Kensil Bell furnishes the facts concerning the Coast Guard Academy in story-form, not as a compilation of standard facts about this man-making institution. A typical American youth enrolls in the Academy and, after experiencing the problems of every Coast Guard cadet, emerges a healthy, intelligent officer in the Coast Guard.

Many of our feminine home-making artists will be eager to read Miss May Worthington's *Sally and Her Homemaking*, a story giving many helpful hints and recipes so necessary to the good homemaker.

A comparatively new addition to the library's supply of popular magazines is *Flying and Popular Aviation*, a more informing magazine for flying enthusiasts than are the average aviation booklets.

For further reading:

Old Yukon by James Wickersham
Choosing a College by John R. Tunis
Hockey by Richard F. Vaughan
Basketball by Dr. H. C. Carlson



Sophomore (overheard on the grounds): Is that a cigarette you're smoking?

Senior (in disgust): No, I just hold this to protect myself from the mosquitoes.

Sophomore: Hi bud, what's going on?
Bored Senior: I am, thank you. Good-bye.

Miss Rhoades: Oh, I've got a cinder in my eye.

Junior: You'd better save it. It's going to be a hard winter.

1st Senior: Why do you call Bill a jelly-fish?

2nd Senior: He hasn't any backbone.

Senior: Gee, they're an awful yellow bunch!

Soph: Who?

Senior: Bananas.

What does she look like with her new feather hair do?

A chicken.

She doesn't look like a Helen, she looks like an Ann.

Why so?

An Antique.

Teacher: What's the longest word in the English language?

Bright Pupil: Smiles. It's got a mile between the first and last letters!

Nothing was in the fields but trees, and they were leafing.

The pupils were discussing their vocations
I know you're going to be an undertaker,
but why are you taking Latin?
It's a dead language.

Teasing Student: What's the oldest table in the world?

Bored Teacher: The multiplication table.

Speaking of stooges—I know someone who thinks pop corn is an old man.

Teacher: Robert, please use the word statue in a sentence.

Robert: Well, my mother doesn't speak very good English, and whenever I come into the house she says, " 's that you, Robert?"

Teacher (during a lesson on manners): Robert, if you had an apple, and you cut it in two, and you found that one piece was larger than the other, which half would you give to your brother?"

Robert: "It all depends on whether It was my big brother or my small brother."

Miss Prediger: "There is a little verse by which you can remember when Columbus discovered America. Does anyone know it?"

Poor Pupil: "In fourteen hundred and ninety-three, Columbus sailed the deep blue sea!"

December, 1941

27

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31

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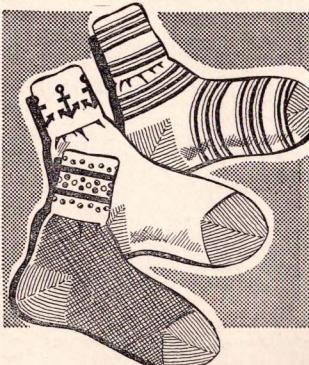
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